

Aftermath by FallenQueen2

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Summary: My take on what happened to Steve after his injuries caught up to him after the finale of season 2. ONESHOT COMPLETE
Post S2 finale so spoilers

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Stranger Things

My take on what happened to Steve after his injuries caught up to him after the finale of season 2.

Disclaimer: I do not own Netflix's Stranger Things

"Hey, hey! Steve, you okay buddy?" Dustin noticed Steve leaning heavily on his spiked bat.

"Yeah, fine. Just tell the world to stop spinning." Steve's breathing was labored, his face was starting to sluggishly bleed past the randomly slapped on rainbow colored bandages.

"Guys! He's not looking so hot!" Dustin cried out alerting Mike, Lucas and Max to the situation just as Steve collapsed onto the ground.

"Steve!" The kid's voices merged together as they swarmed towards the fallen form of the teenager who had protected them with no regards to his own life.

"He looks really bad guys." Max seemed paler than before.

"What do we do?" Lucas was rubbing his neck as he took in Steve's beaten form knowing he was only like this because he stepped in between him and Billy.

"Should we take him to the hospital?" Dustin asked as he cradled Steve to his chest in a protective gesture almost mirroring how Steve had held him close to protect him from the demo-dogs.

"No! How do we even start to explain all of this? We take him back to Will's and hope Mrs. Byers and Hopper can help him." Mike shook his head.

"He's really bad off through Mike!" Dustin's heart was pounding so loud he thought it might wake Steve up.

"With Max at the wheel and us plus a beaten to hell Steve? It would cause more harm than good, come on guys we have to get him in the car. Just like before, come on we have to hurry. Mike opened the car's back doors.

Dustin, Lucas and Mike worked together like the last time. They managed to get Steve's dead weight into the backseat, propped up against Dustin like before. Everything was far too familiar for the kids who took turns looking back at Steve.

"Come on buddy, anytime you want to wake up would be great." Dustin knew he was rambling, thankfully the others didn't comment.

"Left, go left!" Lucas reminded Max who yanked on the wheel, sending the car onto the road that would take them to the Byers house.

"Oh shit, what about your crazy brother?" Dustin exclaimed remembering the guy who put Steve in this state in the first place.

"Ah crap." Mike hit his head against the car window as his mind raced as he tried to come up with a way to stop Steve from getting hurt any further.

"We go in first with Steve's bat and scare him off. We can't let him near Steve again." Dustin said determined and he watched as the others mirrored his determination.

"Gear up boys, we're almost there." Sam warned as the lights of the Byers' house came into view.

"Wait! That's Hopper's truck and Jonathan's car? They're already back?" Mike's voice went higher as the parked cars came into view.

"Dustin look after Steve, we'll clear the way!" Lucas ordered as Max pulled the car into the driveway and slammed it into park. Mike was already out of the car and sprinting towards the front door with Max and Lucas on his heels.

Dustin kept his eyes peeled just in case more Demo-Dogs or Bill sprung out of the darkness surrounding them. Only the headlights of Billy' car sliced through the dark shroud.

Light spilled out of the house as the door was flung open, illuminating Hopper's large form being pulled towards Dustin and Steve by Lucas and Max. Mike must be fussing over El and Will. Dustin would be right alongside Mike if Steve wasn't slumped against him, blood staining both of their clothes making Dustin's stomach roll uneasily.

"What the hell?" Hopper's voice was rough and surprised laced.

"He won't wake up!" Dustin didn't care if he sounded hysterical, Steve hadn't even winced during the whole ride back, his breathing was shallow and he was cold to the touch.

"Out of the way kid." Hopper ordered, Dustin relented and slid out of the car. Hopper reached in and gently lifted Steve into his arms, Steve's head was resting against Hopper's chest. Steve gave a small groan, as he was jolted with the hurried steps Hopper took.

"Out of the way! Joyce, get the first aid kit!" Hopper bellowed as he and the kids entered the house.

"Jim, what are you...Oh my god!" Joyce's hands flew to her mouth, eyes wide when she took in the beaten and unconscious form of Steve in Hopper's arms.

"Steve!" Nancy gasped, her hand grasping Jonathan's on reflex.

"What happened to him?" Jonathan asked as El and Mike cleared a couch, letting Hopper lower Steve down onto the cushions.

"Good question." Hopper muttered, as he made sure Steve was situated as Joyce hurried back with the first aid kit.

"Well?" Nancy turned to her brother who was holding El's hand tightly like she may disappeared any second, his eyes were trained on Steve however.

"It's my fault!" Max and Lucas said together.

"Explain." Hopper cut them off before they could start rambling.
"You, explain."

"Me?" Dustin squeaked from where he was shifting around by the end of the couch where Steve's head was located.

"Yeah you, start talking." Hopper and Joyce started patching Steve up carefully, wincing every so often as fresh wounds were revealed when the dried blood was washed away.

"Max's crazy brother showed up. Steve tried to stop him, but Billy pushed him down and kicked him." Dustin started to wring his hands. Hopper swore as he lifted Steve's shirt to reveal a giant bruise. Steve let out a pained cry when Hopper pressed down to make sure there were no broken ribs.

"Sh buddy, we've got you." Dustin stroked Steve's hair back, trying to soothe the injured teen. Steve went limp moments later, a puff of air escaping from his lips as his head lolled to the side.

"Good job kid, keep talking." Hopper praised absently, Dustin gave a shaky smile to his friends who looked just as off balance as Dustin felt. Nancy had a frown on her face as she stared at Dustin's hand that was still stroking Steve's hair. Jonathan had a soft smile on his face at the budding brotherly relationship between the two.

"Right, okay well Billy attacked Lucas, but then Steve appeared. He got a few good hits in, but Billy hit him over the head with a plate. Billy knocked him over and just kept punching him over and over and over..." Dustin trailed off unevenly as the memory of Billy beating Steve unconscious sprung to the forefront of his mind.

"Steve was unconscious by the end, I jabbed him with the sedative we kept for Will." Max cut in seeing Dustin was unable to carry on.

"Okay, okay. We'll deal with your brother later. We'll fix Steve right up, don't worry." Hopper promised, the worry obvious on the kid's dirty faces.

"Where were you? We came back and you all were gone." El turned to Mike after staring at Steve until Hopper promised he would be okay.

"We needed to keep the demo-Dogs away from you. We went into the tunnels and set them on fire. Steve tried to stop us, but we didn't

listen. Instead he led us, made sure we got out and put himself between Dustin and the Demo-Dogs. Then he just collapsed after!" Mike explained to the rest of the room of their own adventures of the night.

"Oh Mike." El gave him a weak smile even as the older people in the room rumbled and muttered.

"So he's really going to be ok?" Dustin looked at Hopper with fearful eyes and it pulled at Hopper's heartstrings.

"Yeah kid, he'll pull through but he's gonna need someone to keep an eye on him for a while." Hopper knew where this was going.

"I'll keep an eye on him." Dustin swore.

"Us too." Max and Lucas agreed.

"Alright brats, get moving. We have to keep him comfortable and you all need sleep." Hopper put his hands on his hips and smirked as the kids even Mike and El scurried off to find blankets, pillows and food.

"He's really is going to be okay, you're not just saying that to make them feel better?" Nancy looked pained as Steve took shallow breaths.

"Yeah he'll make it. If not he'll have some stubborn kids tearing after him." Hopper chuckled fondly as they took steps back to allow the kids to form a sort of fort around Steve. They settled down while sharing plates of Eggo's that El was happily crunching on, plastered to Mike's side.

Dustin had his head resting on the couch cushion, watching Steve breathe. He wasn't sure if he was going to sleep tonight, so he would watch over Steve. Mike and El were curled up together, fingers laced as they quietly talked. Lucas and Max were laying close together, eyes shifting up to Steve every so often to make sure he was still there.

"Their good kids. I think we're all going to be fine." Joyce put her hand on Hopper's arm for a moment or two before leaving to check on Will. Jonathan touched Steve's forehead for a moment, a smile

flitting across his lips before he spoke softly to Nancy. Nancy nodded absently and let Jonathan pull her towards the bedrooms

Hopper ran a hand through his hair when he realized he was on kid watching duty. He would have to wake Steve up to check for a concussion soon. That kid reminded Hopper of him self when he was younger and himself now. Steve would turn out all right; Hopper would make sure of it. He knew Steve would do the same for the kids who were watching over him now.

"Yeah, they'll be okay." Hopper quietly agreed with Joyce's words from before.